He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a doule ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo Wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellowes Souldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can liſt your bloud vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now,
O, Gentlemen the time of life is ſhort,
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs,
Now for our Conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt, *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on a pace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and heare draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood thath I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall
A ſecond time doe ſuch a curteſie.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the Battell: then enter Dowglas, and ſir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name that in Battel thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King *Harry*
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud Scot,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight, Dowglas kils Blunt, then enters Hotſpur.
Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.
Dow. Als done, als won, heere breathleſſe lies the King.
Hot. Where? *Dow.* Heere.
Hot. This *Dowglas?* No, I know this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furniſht like the King himſelfe.
Dow. Ah foole, go with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare,
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.
Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrope piece by piece,
Vntill I meet the King. *Hot.* Vp and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day,
Alarme, enter Falſtalffe ſolus.
Falſ. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I feare the ſhot heere, heere's no ſcoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere's no vanitie,